

THE LATEST IN PARASOLS.

Crystal Handles
with Silver
Deposit Lead.

SATIN HOLDS
ITS POPULARITY.

Black Taffeta with Clover
Leaf Ruffles Will
Be Much in
Vogue.

Parasols, from the Summer Girl's point of view, are the most important accessory to her toilet. By previous experience she has learned the value of the pale rose lining or the subtle influence of more vivid coloring. She realizes that willowy chiffon ruffles, and lace frills tend to soften the complexion, and she makes a study of selecting the most suitable. Parasols are a glorious framing for an attractive picture. On the seashore parasols are as bewitching as the bathing suit, and are an equal inspiration for coqueting or flirtatious escapades.

Crystal handles with silver deposit adorn the smartest parasols of the season. When made of Dresden silk the crystal matches in color the predominating shade. An opalescent ball, harmonizing with the blurred blossoms of the thistle in several stages of growth, is a delightfully refreshing example. Among the most conspicuously fashionable parasols of Spring are the black satin, with point de Gene insertion inlaid in two rows at the top and bottom. Another in conching shape is of China silk, with successive rows of insertion reaching from the edge to the point of the stick. Perforated silk with colored linings does signal duty as an all around sunshade.

Parasols are much the vogue. They are usually of black taffeta, with clover leaf ruffles, and are intended for carriage use. Not infrequently they match the costume, particularly if it be an elaborate one, and these are made of a bit of the silk like the frock. For elderly women they are covered in black point d'esprit. An old style shape revived is the canopy top. Plain coachings in sun umbrellas are quite as up to date as the more picturesque affairs constructed of chiffon and other filmy materials. Natural wood stick handles are preferred to those of Dresden china, which obtained last year. Chiffon, grass cloth, cabriolet and tulle and Dresden silk stand their beauty in one's face, and it is difficult to determine which shall be received with the greatest favor.

For the use of the bud, white chiffon ones are much liked. One with very acute octagonal sections has for its foundation heavy white silk. Surrounding it is white chiffon, fully skirted and brought down into points, finished off by a row of magnificent tulle, which is admirably draped, falling in a graceful festoon arrangement. When opened it furnishes a most beautiful background for the face. Full from point of chiffon is fastened at the top. The handle is of ivory, and the four ensemble charming. This style will be much appreciated by the young woman who likes to vary her costume. She can easily accomplish the feat, making the parasol harmonize with any gown she chooses to wear by decorating the exterior with different colored flowers. These are placed at random among folds of the chiffon, and the four ensemble charming. For more festive occasions, a border of roses may encircle the upper portion of the parasol. Trailing vines throwing out their tendrils in several directions, form a not despised mode for a garden party. A very beautiful one, fit for royalty, is covered effectively in black duchess lace, in an elaborate design over a white satin foundation. It is rather more round in outline than the previous styles, and an ivory handle, inlaid in a beautiful pattern with jet, completes this harmonious combination.

One entirely suitable for a woman of any age has an insertion of point de Venise about three inches deep, let in around the bottom. This decorative feature is further enhanced by a row of tulle, put in with a fetching little heading. For the promenade, Dresden silk will be utilized. These are in various styles, which cost about half the price and do well a season's service. One that was particularly attractive was of white Dresden, with a broad stripe of black satin, in which a rose pattern, in shades of coral and variegated leaves, was apparent. Much beauty attaches to the highly polished cane handle, enameled in green and gold, and which is fastened at the top, with a corresponding one on the handle.

In the lighter shades cream Dresden silk, brocaded in indistinct tulip blossoms of scarlet and pale green is most enchanting. An ever good stick, with the inevitable bow at the handle, and at the top, make this somewhat gorgeous sunshade appear to better advantage.

In the grass linen variety, known as bounds. Of all qualities and in every conceivable mode of decoration do they come. These are perfect for morning use and will be utilized extensively with the batiste gowns which are in vogue. A very pretty one is of grass cloth, with a row of tulle, with an insertion of heavy lace edged with tiny lace frill. It is pagoda shape and supposed to be natural wood handle.

Embroidered batiste for parasols is quite as popular for the promenade as for morning use. In many instances it is made from the same piece of good as the dress, but is equally appropriate at any time.

One very unique batiste has scalloped edge lined with brown silk, and is embroidered in florets in subdued shades of green and brown, with an openwork net centre. Above the bonnet are the charming results yet achieved in this line of embellishment. The same design is repeated about the top of the parasol. A highly polished wood stick is a consistent and proper handle.

Parasols range in price from \$3.25 to \$65. Dresden ones are worth \$2.25, and black silk are cheaper. Chiffon parasols retail at \$20, according to the wealth of trimming. Parasols sell from \$3 to \$10.

SILK PETTICOATS.
They Are As Wide As The Dress Skirt This Spring and Generally Much Prettier.

In the matter of petticoats the average woman refuses to be economical. She will claim she can't afford a new Spring jacket, but she is apt to regard her silk petticoat as a necessity. This in part may be due to the fascination of its ruffle.

The new silk petticoats for Spring seem almost too pretty to be hidden beneath a plain dark skirt. They are cut umbrella-fashion and measure as many yards around as the dress skirt. The newest for ordinary street wear are made of changeable tulle with two thickly corded ruffles. Petticoats in dashed plaids are much the vogue, and also those made of black tulle with colored stripes. When the striped tulle is used for a skirt the ruffles are made of silk matching the stripe in color.

One of the latest silk skirts is of black tulle with a deep flounce of black lace at the bottom. Above the flounce are three rows of lace insertion in graduated widths. Showing beneath the broadest is a band of light green silk, under the next a deep rose pink is visible, and the top band has for its foundation a strip of gold color.

Entirely New Spring Styles in Parasols.



Point de Gene Insertion.
Striped Taffeta and Dresden Silk.

Draped Chiffon.

Duchess Lace.

Embroidered Batiste and Polka Dot Grass Linen.

NEXT WHITE HOUSE LADY.

The Women Who
May Occupy That
Coveted Position.

ALL KNOWN TO
SOCIETY'S WORLD.

Probable That the Next
Administration Will Be
Notable for Social
Gayeties.

In spite of the fact that so many Presidential possibilities are widowers or bachelors, there are nearly a dozen women who may yet shine in the White House and whose position in society is well fixed.

In most cases the mistress of the White House has practically been unknown until election, and has been drawn from the retirement of home to take first place in the ranks of brilliant society.

The wealthiness of the women who may preside at the White House as mistresses are Mrs. Brice, Mrs. Morton and Mrs. Cleveland. The first came into fortune gradually, sharing her husband's successful career. The second was a great heiress when she married Mr. Morton, and still enjoys a large income of her own, independent of her husband's millions; and Mrs. Cleveland is the wife of a rich husband, for it is an open secret that the President by investment and real estate has increased his fortune to the six figure mark.

The least known of all the wives of possible Presidents is Mrs. Thomas B. Reed, who is said to dislike the society of Washington. But Mrs. Reed says this is a mistake. The fact is that having lived so long at the Capital she has grown accustomed to its gayeties and has learned to take them toned down instead of high-pitched. The wives of the Judges of the Supreme Court take Washington's winter social whirl in the same way that Mrs. Reed takes it, temperately.

The career of Mrs. Dimmick has been a public one since she went to visit at the White House for months at a time during "Aunt Carrie's" time. She came of a fine family, and her short married life was a gay one. She is perhaps the beauty of the White House possibilities, unless one fancies the youthful matronliness of Mrs. Cleveland, or the extreme dolliness of Mrs. McKinley's face. Mrs. Dimmick will soon be fully "out of the race." Washington will see her as a brilliant lady, if not as its first lady.

The brilliancy of the Washington Wintertown, with either Mrs. Calvin S. Brice or Mrs. Morton in the White House would be without question. Both matrons would bring marriageable daughters to the White House, with the probability of White House wedding, and both are fond of young society and brilliant entertainments.

The late Mrs. William C. Whitney was the only other Washington hostess that ever had the means to realize her social ambition, and this she did in a way that has become historic.

her entertainments, when she had the fortune tellers, the dancers, the tableaux and the garden party all at once is said to have cost close to \$30,000, and during the season she easily spent half a million in entertainments. She considers this the proper way of paying back to the people her husband's millions. In the White House her reign would be one of unsurpassed gaiety and lavish expenditure.

The Washington rumor that Mrs. Levi P. Morton had directed a real estate agent to hold her Washington residence, Mrs. Morton's must further owners, may or may not signify that Mrs. Morton intends to occupy it another winter, either as the first lady of the land or as a Washington resident.

The five Morton daughters and their male and female friends would fill the White House to the doors, and crowd out the President's secretary. A private residence would be a necessity with Mrs. Morton. Personally she likes to maintain a private establishment.

Mrs. McKinley would be a considerate mistress. She has always held receptions regularly, and keeps herself surrounded with young women in lieu of the daughters she has not. She is a lavish hostess, spending much upon her friends, and she is a very diplomatic one.

The fact that Mr. Allison and Mr. Hill are the one and the other a bachelor, deprives gossips of the pleasure of picturing the first lady under either regime. If either were elected, his life would not be worth living until he selected a wife. And he should have to select a young and beautiful woman for a White House marriage. People would dearly like to see the Cleveland romance repeated. Both Hill and Allison are cheerful entertainers.

There are other good hostesses among the possibilities. Mrs. Carlisle has often declared that she entertains the limit of her pocketbook. Mrs. Lamont, not altogether improvable White House conjecture, is less of an entertainer than Mrs. Carlisle, but has greater wealth.

It is probable that the next White House mistress will be no stranger to politics and the ways of politics. Last week Mrs. Morton took her place upon the floor of the Senate in Albany and talked with the Senators in favor of a many school measure. Mrs. Reed has decided views on political economy and free trade. Mrs. Carlisle's influence in the campaigns of former years has been considerable, and both Mrs. Brice and Mrs. Dimmick have lent their names in support of anti-political measures.

The next lady of the White House will not have to take lessons in Washington etiquette and the laws of precedence. Nor will she need to wear a full new wardrobe, but a new robe for the inauguration ball any of the White House lady possibilities will be fully ready to star in the important social duties of the President's wife.

HERE IS THE NEWEST VEIL
It is a Black Spider Web Mesh Sprinkled with Iridescent Colored Chenille Dots.

Veils are at a premium while the March winds are blowing. The young person who wishes to keep her complexion a thing of beauty must guard it at this season of the year with special care. To do this veils are a necessity. The new French novelty veils have just appeared in the shops, and are pretty enough to make one forget the exorbitant prices asked for them.

The newest and most novel veil in town is called the Dresden. It has a black spider web mesh covered with chenille dots in the iridescent colors—pink, light blue and delicate green. Another novelty is the brown spider web veil, sprinkled with black chenille dots.

Lace trimmed veils are much worn. The latest shows the bottom of the veil cut in small Van Dyke points, edged with Valenciennes lace most expensive. Black veils are finished with an applique border of white lace.

The white chignon veils so popular at the beginning of the season are still worn, but now they have a border of colored dots. The tulle veil promises to be the veil of the Spring and Summer. It comes in any of the ordinary colors and lies at the back of the head in a large bow, with flowing ends. In fact, all the new veils de la in a bow at the back, and in some cases the ends are long enough to make themselves quite conspicuous.

Every fashionable woman these days owns two or three veil pins. These most in vogue are shaped like a butterfly, and made with a patent spring which is concealed under the body. Vari-colored bits of enamel may form the butterfly's wings, or they may be studded with sparkling gems. Besides, the butterfly veil pins there are dragon flies and wonderful looking beetles acting in this capacity.

EAST SIDE COIFFEURS.

Their Patrons
Bowery and Grand
Street Belles.

ONLY THE LATEST
PARISIAN STYLES.

High Art in Hair Dressing
as Important to Them
as to Their Up-
town Sisters.

Fashion in toilets is by no means unknown on the East Side of New York. The proud belle of East Broadway and Grand street is as particular in her ideas of dress as her sister in upper-tendom. She follows the dictates of fashion with great fidelity.

Above everything, she must have her hair dressed according to the latest style. There are East Side coiffeurs who will do this for her, and they are masters in all the tricks known to the artist in cosmetics.

The Bowery girl can have her cheeks rouged, her eyebrows penciled, lines taken out of her forehead and crow's feet eradicated, all at a price which would make Fifth avenue tonsorial artists and face beautifiers open their eyes. Hair-dressing and face beautifying are by no means expensive east of Broadway. The artists and their customers declare that in everything but price they are the equals of expensive establishments uptown.

"You can't judge East Side taste and fashion by what you see on the street," said a well-known Grand street hair-dresser, who has tanned the hair of East Side belles for twenty years. "You ought to see this place on days when a swell dance or wedding reception is given in the neighborhood. That is the time to see stylish dressing in hair. Very frequently my customers come to me and ask me to dress their hair in styles they have seen in magazines and papers. They often demand fashions that are new from Paris, and, consequently, have not yet become the thing even uptown. In this way they are sometimes ahead of more wealthy people. Of course, I do my best to accommodate every one, and from the compliments they receive I judge I am pretty successful even with the most difficult coiffures."

"A man has to be an artist in human nature as well as in hair to be successful down here. Nearly every one wants the hair to be as fashionable, without considering whether they are becoming to their peculiar kind of beauty or not. I try to persuade them to have their hair dressed in the way which suits them best. There is one style often seen uptown that the East Side woman have at any price, and that is plastering the hair down on either side of the head after the manner of our great-grandmothers. They say it makes girls of fifteen look like old maids, and you know there never are any old maids in this part of the town."

"The style that is most popular now is one in which the hair is waved from a small bang in front. For young girls the hair is worn very low; for older people extremely high. The pompadour takes the hair off the face. It is very popular on the East Side, where we have not so many wrinkles and careworn lines to hide. For this reason, also, I do not think that paint and powder and cosmetics in general are used so much here as they are north of Madison square. I believe our girls have a much better color than the society young ladies of Fifth avenue. In fact, we are frequently requested to tone down color, instead of heightening it with rouge."

"As for prices, wave-dressing will only cost 35 cents in this neighborhood, whereas 75 cents or a dollar is the common price in first-class establishments elsewhere. Then take a hair-cut that costs \$3 uptown, and you can get exactly the same thing for \$1.75 here. Similarly, a wig which will cost \$25 on Fifth avenue sells for just \$14 on Grand street."

"Pompoms, aigrettes and combs are just as often used by the pretty girls that come to my place as by the belles whose names appear in the society columns of the papers. The stones may be only rhine stones, but the make-up of the combs is the same and the style of wearing them follows exactly that used in so-called fashionable circles."

"Among the curious things I have noticed is the fact that the styles that are brought to me are more often French than English. No one ever asks me to put their hair up in the style of the English 'bun' that the Gaiety Girls brought over here, or with the bang fastened down behind. They want the hair to be up, and they are not afraid to appear with their hair in natural gray. They seem to take a pride in it, and I rarely have a request from them to dye it."

"Take it all and all, no one need go to Fifth avenue for points either in beauty or in hairdressing," said the East Side lady's barber. "We've got as pretty girls, and as stylish ones, as there are in any part of New York, and if anybody wants points in putting up toilets they must come to us. If the girls occasionally get their faces made-up with the old paint and powder, I don't mind saying that they do it no more than the rich ones do, and I will wager that the paint and powder are put on just as well, or better."

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WEST POINTERS LOVE HER.

The Interesting Old Lady Who Has Been Their Postmistress for Many Years.

There is one office-holder in this country whose political existence is not at the mercy of spoils grabbers, and whose tenure of office depends not upon the exigencies of politics. She is Blanche Berard, the venerable postmistress at West Point, the home of the Military Academy.

Administrations come and go; one party succeeds another in control of the Government, postmasters and postmistresses appear and disappear, but Blanche Berard remains in undisturbed possession of her office. For more than a quarter of a century she has handled all the mail that arrives at and departs from West Point. During all those years she has hardly missed a day from her post.

No woman in this country has so wide a personal acquaintance as Miss Berard. She is known from Maine to California, from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. She has a warm place in the affections of every man who claims West Point as his home. General Grant never visited West Point without paying his respects to the postmistress; the rugged Sherman was a bosom friend, and "Little Phil" Sheridan, on his occasional visits to the Academy, took delight in recalling Cadet Day reminiscences with this interesting character.

Miss Berard has always been regarded in a motherly way by the cadets. She is kindly sympathetic; she enters into all their little troubles, consoles them, encourages them with her advice, and it is no exaggeration to say that many an officer today wears his uniform because he heeded the advice and suggestion of Miss Berard.

Blanche Berard is over seventy years old. Notwithstanding her age, she is unusually active physically, and mentally she is as fresh and as vigorous as when in her prime. Miss Berard comes from a distinguished French family. Many years ago her father was professor of French at the Military Academy. When he died his wife, through the influence of the officers, was appointed postmistress at West Point.

When she died Miss Blanche succeeded her, and has since been there.

Only once in her long career has any political protest been made against her little berth. It was during the closing months of President Cleveland's first Administration. Miss Berard's commission had expired, and she never doubted it would not be renewed. One day the press dispatches from Washington announced that the President had nominated a successor to Miss Berard. When the surprise subsided the President was flooded with protests. They came from everywhere, and from the country's most distinguished men and women. J. Pierpont Morgan, who is a personal friend of Miss Berard, it is said, went to Washington and saw the President in behalf of Miss Berard. The result was the withdrawal of the new appointment by the President.

When a young woman she was engaged to be married to a dashing young army officer. One day, preparatory to taking a horseback ride, he called to see her, and in turning in his saddle to toss a farewell kiss to her, he lost his balance and fell. The horse took fright and darted wildly away, dragging his unhorsed rider along with him. He died from his injuries. Miss Berard, during all these years, has remained true to her first and only love.

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NEARS AND SEES BY TOUCH.

Eleanor Kelly, Deaf
and Blind, but
Dances and Talks.

Everything that little Eleanor Kelly learns has to come through her fine sense of touch.

Eleanor is one of the seventy-five little girls, from five to sixteen years old, at the St. Joseph's Institute for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes, No. 113 Buffalo avenue, Brooklyn. All are deaf and dumb, but Eleanor, aged nine, is deaf, dumb and blind. Eleanor has a most abundant hearing which contains plenty of brains of a good and original quality. She is a new pupil and has not as yet a very large vocabulary. A child born of hearing usually sees more in an hour than one that can both hear and see does in a day. But little Eleanor Kelly must see, hear and feel with her fingers. In the large room the children gather to play and dance. Many are very graceful dancers, self-taught, though they be. All are fond of their little, blind companion, and do all that they can to make her enjoy herself. It was amusing to see the ingenious way in which the blind girl taught herself to dance. Her partner first took the steps for her. Eleanor stooped down and rested her little white hands gently upon the ankles of her companion and thus counted and measured the steps that were required to dance a polka or a waltz. When she was satisfied that she had it in her head she arose and essayed the lesson. It was perfect from the first attempt.

She likes to sit on the steps of the platform upon which the piano stands—for these little ones dance and take their enthusiastic exercises to music, even if they cannot hear. Eleanor enjoys the music by resting her hand on the platform and feeling the rhythm.

There are now three deaf, dumb and blind children in Greater New York—Oris Benson, at the Deaf Mute Institute, One Hundred and Sixty-third street and Broadway, New York City; Helen Keller, who attends a private school for deaf mutes, also in New York; and Eleanor Kelly, at the Brooklyn Institute—and all of them are unusually bright. Oris Benson, when first put down to a typewriter, mastered the board of eighty keys in about an hour and wrote a short letter that had not a mistake in it. Helen Keller keeps a diary, written on a typewriter. As hard as the typewriter is for a blind person, it is easier than writing with the pen. But all of these children can do both.

All of the Institutes for the Improved Instruction of the deaf mutes are making strenuous efforts to perfect their pupils in lip reading. They learn to read the lips of their teachers or those with whom they come in daily contact perfectly. But when they deal with strangers their task is more difficult.

When little Eleanor Kelly is taught to talk, later on, all her knowledge will be gained by the sense of touch. She will then sit beside her teacher, put her fingers on the teacher's mouth and will feel the vibrations and muscular movements and try it herself. If she does not master it after a reasonable time, the teacher sees that the child has a wrong idea of what chords and muscles to bring into action, she will put her fingers in the child's mouth and place her tongue in the proper position with relation to the lips and teeth. There will be times when this will not accomplish the desired result. Then, the child's hands having been made very clean for the lesson, she must put her fingers in the teacher's mouth and will then listen while the teacher speaks the difficult word or sentence, and try again.

It seems a hopeless task, but if the child lives five years more and you call at the institute you will be able to understand what she says to you without difficulty.

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